talk to me 5 minutes without realizing I'm a failed prof....

To your HORROR....

(I thought getting a Ph.D. meant I'd never pine for it but I'd never GET RID OF IT EITHER....

So I have to get it out on the table, that dirty scrap of paper between us like a contract....

I'm going to write us down....

I can't help it....)

One of Joe's fathers was the buyer for SAM....

SAM the MAN....

Now Joe's the MAN....

Joe's a FATHER!

That's one father too many. He tells me about his toys. Emails me their pics at 3 in the morning. Beautiful as a Beethoven string quartet - a LATE quartet. Sure it's just stuff, but what BEAUTIFUL STUFF!

He surrounds himself with them. His and hers Italian 45 RPM turntables. Early modern stereos. All expensive in catalogers many of them in MOMA.

Talking machines tell him about the past. When people had jobs and corporations were daring.

I interrupt. You mean CARING?

That TOO! Joe types sobbing.

Before we were sadsacks. Bottom feeders at WORTHLESS WORLD....

Fatty Puff Pie, Joe Goldfinger, Elaine Mighty Muff....

I AM DADANIAN, I type back shouting....

BEAUTIFUL JOE....

NIPPER....

Listening for HIS MASTER'S VOICE....

Edison's goons shoot him....

Stoopid nigger....

I knew you were a risk, Joe gasps dying....

(This is a posthumous release.)

These Village Romances sure were frustrating....

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Doc Hiroshito Hibitchy aka ALPO-SAN and his tragic sudden death from non-consensually fucking his favorite comfort Pomeranian to the strains of TIGHT LIKE THAT as performed by Louis Armstrong and his Jazz Dogs on Columbia LP 69728.... Unfortunately he played it on his ancestral Japanese-Victor Talking Machine.... At more than 78 RPM his life fluid surged into his cock exploding into Chippy like the Orient Express....

E-mails from kennels and dog-shows all across Asia clogged up his mail box.... His precious daughter the dewy flower of the eastern sky Miso Flavor Ramen faxed and phoned and clenched her pearly fists in frustration at his stubborn refusal to answer her increasingly shrill solicitude for money.... But he was D.E.A.D. so what the FUCK could he do about it?

She recalled how when she had barely turned her first trick he gave her the delightful little Fortune Cookie with the incredibly lolling tongue....